

# Summer of the Diabolical Holocaust

Darkthrone

Come the raging chaos, rule power from your soul  
Pure demonised blessing as I kill myself in woe  
Alls souls coloured the pace of the moon  
Shall suffer the religious

You must know that I can no longer see  
The difference of dreams and reality  
For the walls have been sieged  
And conquered by war

Dark satanic blasphemy

I stand alone in a valley filled with starlight  
My eyes suffer from eternal sparks  
So shut the light and dream so I can see  
The trident clearer than liver moon

And in my darkest fantasy  
And as I reach for hell  
I am free...

Hearers are raising from the open sky  
Meglomanta reignes supreme  
Chilled in horror - christian death  
They learned how long to stand and pull

I head to receive  
The lust and pain  
Beat me jesus  
And we will win